

Becoming Toothless

by LuMezenga

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Summary: The Night Fury is now a downed dragon. Human - that's how he calls him - keeps showing up, trying to create some sort of connection. The story of how Toothless and Hiccup bonded, in the dragon's point of view.

1. Forbidden Friendship

****Author's Note:** Firstly, this story is not in first person's point of view. I don't think dragons have thoughts formed with words, like us humans - but theirs are just as complex. Secondly, I wrote this because I felt like Toothless' role was diminished to a mere pet in the TV series *Dragons: Riders of Berk* (which still turned out to be better than I expected, though). So I started wondering how and when this mighty Night Fury decided to be a pet (because he wouldn't be unless he wanted to). And ******_this_****** happened. Thirdly, I have put which tracks of the album to play to get the mood of what's happening. I highly recommend listening to the soundtrack of this movie - it is ******_amazing_******. Also, it helps figuring out which part of the movie we're on, although it's pretty much clear most of the time. I disclaim any rights of ownership of the characters and plot of *How To Train Your Dragon*. They belong to Cressida Cowell and Dreamworks, who could really make our lives easier by releasing *HtTYD 2* earlier...******

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****Chapter 1 - Forbidden Friendship****

****...****

****Tracks: Forbidden Friendship/New Tail.****

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The human is back.

This time, he brings fish with him. Night Fury is still weary, though. It is only when Human drops his weapon into the lake that the dragon opens his mouth.

"Toothless?" Human asks. Night Fury has never been called anything but Night Fury, therefore he assumed that it was his name. He didn't know then, but Human had just given him a new one.

"Could've sworn you hadâ€¦" The dragon puts his teeth to use and practically swallows the fish without chewing.

"Teeth," finishes the boy with a startled look. Night Fury approaches and Human panicks, apologizing for not having any more food.

The dragon is amused. He also wonders briefly why this human is helping him. Why the others didn't. And why is this human so small?

When Night Fury brings back part of the given fish, he insists on Human eating it, swallowing it. And enjoying it.

And Human does.

There is an undeniable and yet intangible change in the atmosphere when Human does something very weird with his mouth, a gesture that was never made by any human before. Not to the dragon, anyway.

But it seems friendly, so he mimics, causing the boy to believe Night Fury actually likes him. Human's misleading thoughts make him reach out with his hand to touch the dragon.

Night Fury stops smiling and growls. The message is clear.

I'm still me, you're still you.

With that he flew away from the boy.

â€¦

When the fire he created produced enough warmth, Night Fury lied down on the smoky grass to enjoy a nap. After all, he slept during most of the day to keep an eye out for the dangers of night.

Actually, come to think of it, Human was really messing up his sleeping habits.

>Observing a little bird sing a note and fly away, the dragon couldn't help but envy the freedom that bird enjoyed and
â€œ<p>

Night Fury notices Human sitting next to him. The boy waves friendly.

What a stalker.

His tail serves as a shield from the child's prying eyes, and Night Fury can almost hear Human's curiosity getting the better of him.

Huh. So humans were more curious than frightened of him, or was it

only this excuse of a Viking?

When the boy reaches out to touch the dragon without his permission yet _again_, Night Fury lifts his tail to stare the sassiness in the eye.

Human quickly gets up and starts walking to dissipate the awkwardness.

Hmmph. Yeah, walking is what will make the dragon forget what he saw.

The boy leaves after that.

...
>Coming back every day was creating this weird thing called habit, that Night Fury never had before. The closest thing he ever had to a routine was his nightly raiding of villages.
He was being seriously sleep deprived, however.

He woke up one afternoon to a scratching sound, and got down from his branch to see...

>...Human? What was he doing?<p>

When the sort-of-Viking notices the dragon's presence, he tenses - but still finishes whatever it was that he was doing.

Night Fury recognizes himself in the picture, and is rather excited - no one ever drew him before. Therefore, he does the only thing possible.

Rips off a branch from a tree - with his _mouth_ - and starts scratching it on the sand, in his own attempt to draw his (at first so unwanted) companion.

In his humble opinion, his representation of Human is much better than Human's representation of him, but he really can't blame it on the boy. It's not his fault he lacks drawing abilities.

Human steps on one of the lines of Night Fury's drawing and he goes mad.

>How dare you?

Green eyes go wide at the dragon's growl. Good. The boy got the message. Do _not_. Step. On a dragon's. Drawing lines.

Apparently Human is into testing today, because he steps on the same line again, earning him another growl - this time accompanied by a glare from Night Fury.

>When he lifts his foot however, the dragon is reduced to wide round eyes and a soft purring, much like a cat's.<p>

The boy starts making his way around the loyal representation of himself, being careful to not step on the lines (as doing that wasn't getting him any nearer to the dragon's good graces).

He manages to leave the drawing zone to look at the big picture, but stops under Night Fury's breathing and gazes up to the animal in a mixture of admiration and fear. The boy tries to touch the dragon for the third time - he's never been this close - but Night Fury's

growling tells him otherwise. He recoils his hand, but stubbornness is apparently one of his main characteristics, for he reaches out again. But this time, it is entirely different. Human respects and fears the dragon enough to let him decide whether or not he wants to engage in skin-to-skin contact. His head bows, showing his trust that Night Fury won't rip away his hand. The reptile's scowl is replaced by a merely distrusting expression. Knowing the boy presents no real threat, he allows his head to touch Human's hand. This simple gesture makes Human shrink a little out of disbelief - and a little fear too, Night Fury hopes. Can't have a human child being the master of a dragon now can you?

As soon as the dragon's eyes meet the boy's, for the briefest of seconds they both believe there is some sort of connection there.

Night Fury ends the moment, distrusting himself. He steps away and exhales heavily, his pupils narrowing to slits like he did when he wanted to look frightening.

>The message his eyes convey is, once again, crystal clear.<p>

Do not think much of this.

Both human and dragon try to act like nothing has changed after that particular interaction, when in fact everything has.

â€|

In spite of Night Fury's discouraging signals, Human can't seem to take a hint, much to the dragon's dismay. Therefore, the boy returns, and with him comes fish. Night Fury doesn't mind the food part, it's the blasted nickname that sets him on edge.

Toothless.

Really, is Human blind? He has teeth. He just doesn't show them all the time.

He decides to change Human's nickname to Little Human. That'll teach him.

What Night Fury doesn't realize is that the change in the way he calls Human is his mind will go unnoticed by the boy.

Well. If there was ever a time he wished he could speakâ€|

These thoughts run through Night Fury's mind as he eats the entire fish basket that Human brought him. When he's done, however, he feels a tug on his tail.

Suddenly, he's whole again.

Human's blabbering is interrupted by a shout of surprise from the boy when Night Fury starts flying. Being able to spread his wings and the wind on his ears â€" the dragon sure missed the feeling.

After several seconds of just enjoying his ability to fly again, Night Fury realizes the extra weight he is carrying.

Without a second thought, he swings his tail to rid himself of the

nuisance, successfully getting the boy off of him and into the lake.

But as soon as he does, he loses balance once more, and his long-awaited blue sky becomes out of reach yet again.

As Night Fury lands on the water, he painfully realizes.

He's only whole with the Human.

2. Test Drive

****Chapter 2 - Test Drive****

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****Tracks: See You Tomorrow/Test Drive****

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>The boy comes back with another saddle.

Night Fury tries to run, but there are only so many places you can go without flying. And he certainly needs his tail to fly.

Human is persistent, and the dragon slowly follows his lead. He's never trusted a man before â€" let alone one as little as this one â€" but he finds that Human would never try to kill him again.

And that, for now, is enough for Night Fury.

He allows Human to ride him and test the tail. It doesn't work most of the time, but the boy keeps writing things down on his notebook, determined to find the defect. His determination to help the crippled dragon is only surpassed by his willingness to connect with Night Fury.

Oh gods. So be it.

The little Viking isn't as bad as he would like him to think, really. It's just nice to remind Human who's in charge, after all.

In spite of Night Fury's attempts, he finds himself looking forward to their afternoons together. Not that he has any choice â€" he's quite literally stuck with the boy â€" but Human is kind, a quality often underestimated by Vikings, but that does not go amiss by the dragon.

There was one time that the boy's clumsiness got them to fall on grass.

Ah, the grass. Sweet green relief.

Human was really getting him stressed out. He needed a break from all the bad-conducted flying. So he rolled around until he fell asleep.

There was another time that Human touched him suddenly, and he nearly fired. But as soon as the scratching started, he lost all coherent thought.

_Good nice this feels so â€" _

Night Fury warbled in satisfaction as Human hit that precious spot below his neck. If it weren't for the boy's quick reflexes, the dragon's weight would have crushed his hand.

>Thinking back, showing a Viking how quickly a dragon can crumble to the ground probably wasn't the best of ideas. But they weren't just some dragon and some Viking. Night Fury was a downed dragon. He couldn't fly. Human was a sort-of-Viking. He couldn't fight. Together, they were capable of doing both.<p>

Therefore, maybe showing a few of his 'weaknesses' wouldn't hurt. Human had shown his by not being able to kill him, after all.

Actually, come to think of it, the dragon had yet to see one of Human's strenghts.

>They decide to appear on the day of the test drive.<p>

Night Fury and his rider are no longer attached to anything, and can fly as high as they wish. The boy has a piece of paper, and commands positions to the dragon, apparently forgetting that he is the one who's supposed to flick the tail.

As they fly normally for the first time â€" well, mostly it's normal; the boy can't seem to turn fast enough, earning an ear-slap from the dragon â€", Human calls him something else entirely.

Bud.

>That nickname actually sounds friendly, the dragon muses. Even Toothless didn't sound as bad as before. It's only a matter of time, getting used to a human-given name.
Stubbornly though, he calls himself Night Fury in his mind.

As they test maneuvers in the sky, all thoughts vanish. It's only the dragon and the clouds.

>Well, and Human. But his shouts of joy and eagerness to go higher make Night Fury happy for sharing this amazing experience, albeit forced to in the beginning. He no longer feels he's obligated to carry the nuisance around; like it or not, Human is now a part of his life, and he can't say he minds much.<p>

He can't really _say_ anything, but that's not the case.

"Yeah! Go baby!" the boy shouts as they are soaring, higher than the clouds. _Baby_? Honestly, sometimes he just wonders why he hangs out with the child in the first place â€"

Suddenly Human's equipment decides to fail. He's detached of the dragon that, without his rider, can't fly. They start falling and it's gonna be painful, Night Fury just knows it - he really didn't want to die like this. Odin, the irony! A dragon killed by a fall! What was he given wings for?

"Oh gosh! Oh gods! Oh no!" Human freaking out is not really helping Night Fury's panic. "Alright okay, buddy you gottaâ€| angle yourself! Okay no no no, come back down towards me, come back down to â€"

Night Fury's tail hits the boy square in the face. Oops.

Well at least it makes him stop the frantic shouting. The slap makes Human snap out of it, and take action. He manages to mount in mid-air and take the reins of the situation, as literally as possible. The dragon's wings tear the sky almost painfully against the wind as they descend rapidly...

...and in the direction of some huge rocks. Just perfect. As if they were in some shortage of problems.

Human, however, throws caution (and charts) to the wind and flicks Night Fury's tail perfectly, seemingly reading the dragon's mind. His instinct was one of his strengths, it seemed. He got both of them up again in seconds.

The feeling of mirth comes to Night Fury with the adrenaline rush and a little respect for the boy.

"Yeah!" Human shouts happily, both hands in the air.

As soon as the dragon blasts, however...

"Come _on_!"

3. Astrid Goes For A Spin

****Chapter 3 â€" Astrid Goes For A Spin****

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****Tracks: Astrid Goes For A Spin/Romantic Flight****

****...**

>"Ow! _Why_ would you _do_ that?"

Awh great. Human messing up Night Fury's sleeping habits. Nothing new there.

"_That's_ for the lies," says a foreign voice. The dragon's ears perk up. "And _that's_,_ for _everything else_."

Completely awake, he gets out of his napping cave with a threatening growl. He was probably just imagining things, really â€"

His eyes widen slightly at the sight of another human.

"Oh man," the boy mutters.

Night Fury charges as the other â€" recognizable as a female â€" throws Human to the ground with a gasp.

She swings her axe to gather strength as the dragon prepares to pounce on her â€" but Human intervenes.

"No!" He jumps to throw her weapon to the grass, where it can do no harm. Night Fury really wants the boy to get out of his way, so he can finish off the girl who dared to hurt his pet.

Not that he has any real feelings of affection. Pfft. The very idea of it is preposterous. A dragon â€" a Night Fury â€" with a soft spot for a Viking? Yeah, right.

Unheard of.

"It's okay," says the boy to him. "It's okay," he repeats to the newcomer.

"She's a friend," he says to the dragon soothingly.

Wait a secondâ€|

Human has friends?

"You scared him," Human states to â€" well, Female, for the lack of a better word.

"_I_ scared _him_?" The girl asks loudly, earning a powerful growl that, undoubtedly, made her legs go weak. "Who, is _him_?" She wonders almost to herself.

"Astrid, Toothless." So Female has a name.

"Toothless," Human looks at him sideways, almost afraid to examine his reaction. "Astrid."

His most terrifying roar is put to use. Always nice to make a good first impression.

The dragon can see that, without her weapon, the girl â€" Astrid â€" is as harmless as Human. So what's really driving him to be unkind, if the boy told him she was a friend?

Maybe that's just it.

He wasn't expecting Human to have any friends besides â€" well, besides _him_.

Female shakes her head out of disbelief and frowns.

Night Fury wants to roll his eyes. Really, who does she think she's scaring?

Oh. Human, apparently.

She turns away and runs.

"Ta-da-da, we're dead."

The dragon turns away too. Everyone has a limit. His, apparently, is one human at a time.

"Whoa whoa whoa, where do you think you're going?"

Argh, what _now_? He's sleepy.

"When she gets to my village, she'll tell everyone!" he throws his hands up in exasperation.

Night Fury fails to see the point.

"And they'll discover you! Toothless, they'll kill you."

The dragon's eyes widen in understanding.

"Let's go get her, bud," Human jerks his head to the forest.

He doesn't need to be told twice; Night Fury finds the girl and grabs her.

And Thor, what a _voice_ she has.

Her squealing form is carried all the way up to a tree, where the dragon lets go of her on a branch.

"Hiccup!" She squirms, trying to hold on. "Get me _down_ from here!"

Is Hiccup a new interjection? He really needs to go out more. His social life is down to his meetings with Human, and that's just sad.

Human tries to argue, and Female's squealing voice starts to really annoy the dragon.

"Please, Astrid," the boy pleads again. Night Fury did not pay much attention to the previous dialogue. He was too busy trying to figure out the meaning of 'Hiccup.' Was it meant to express surprise? He was genuinely concerned. What if he slipped it into casual conversation and the other dragons looked at him strangely?

The girl nears him and he growls. She doesn't deserve to be called Astrid yet. She's Female for now, and Female deserves growling.

Eventually he lets her climb, begrudgingly beginning to accept her presence.

But then he sees her slap away Human's hand.

How dare she?

He is the only one who can slap the boy! Plus, Human's only trying to help. That's all he ever does. He's smart and caring, and Female should appreciate that!

"Now get me down," she commands.

She _commands_. Night Fury. To get down. She does realize there's _Fury_ in his name, right?

"Toothless! Down," asks Human. "Gently," he adds.

Down it is, humans.

"Whooah!" The boy is startled at the sudden jump up.

"Toothless! What's wrong with you?" _Well_, the dragon muses. The only way to appreciate kindness is to be unkind first. That was one

of the reasons why Night Fury liked Human. The rest of his kind was violent towards the dragons, but the boy brought him food when he was wounded.

"Bad dragon, bad â€" he's not usually like this," Night Fury hears him explain to Female. _She has to _learn_ first_, his mind insists. Otherwise she will just rat them out â€"

Actually, rat _him_ out.

The dragon dives quite suddenly and even goes into the water rapidly â€" he missed the crazy flying stunts from back when he was whole and free.

"Toothless, what are you doing?" Human asks exasperated. "We need her to _like_ usâ€|"

Night Fury was about to give in, he really was, when he noticed the boy's choice of words.

Like.

Oh, this is _too_ good. Female is Human's potential mate?

This just took a whole new level.

"And now, the spinning. Thank you for nothing, you useless reptile."

The cheeky dragon was enjoying himself far too much to mind Human's dry humor.

"I'm sorry!" Female says suddenly, no longer using that blasted squealing voice. "I'm sorry. Just get me off of this thing."

Seeing that she seemed about to be sick, Night Fury decides to spread his wings and stop the frantic flight. It wouldn't do to have her throw up all over the place.

And, she apologized. Even though she did call him 'thing.'

Human's relief was practically _tangible_.

The dragon floats around lazily, letting her into their world of wonderful skies and touchable clouds.

See? His face seems to tell the boy_. She learned._

â€|

They fly for hours straight, Night Fury even approaching the village the humans referred to as their home â€" Berk. The dragon remembers how many times he showed up to protect his species against the vicious Vikings on that same island. He never takes any of the flock or food â€" he's against the whole feeding-the-fat-dragon idea â€"; he only goes to the raids to protect the other dragons (even if they don't thank him for it).

He really has no choice.

Night Fury hopes his human never gets to meet the Green Death.

"Alright, I admit it," Female speaks, snapping him out of his reverie. "This is pretty cool."

Hmmph. Pretty cool. More like, best experience of her life, the dragon rolls his eyes inwardly.

"It'sâ€| amazing," she says. _Better_, he thinks.

"He's amazing," Female corrects herself, caressing the dragon carefully.

No, not Female. Astrid.

4. Dragon's Den

****Chapter 4 â€" Dragon's Den****

****â€|****

****Tracks: Dragon's Den/The Cove****

****...**

>"Hiccup," Astrid says again. Night Fury's really starting to think that it's not an interjection. Perhaps the newest expressionâ€|?

"Your final exam is tomorrow. You know you have to â€"

Oh-oh.

Not the signal.

Oh Thor, not now. He has humans on his back.

"Don't remind me," Human answers, and for a moment the dragon thinks the reply is meant to him.

He dives suddenly in hopes of getting away from the call, but to no avail.

"Toothless, what's happening?" the boy asks. Night Fury feels Astrid tense up and grab Human's waist as more and more dragons come to view, and realizes the signal is now stronger.

It's irresistible.

"Bud, what is it?" his pet insists.

Yeah, wait a second as he vocalizes his thoughts â€" oh that's right.

He _can't_.

They are surrounded by all kinds of dragons now, and both humans bend over a little to blend in with the view. Smart, Night Fury thinks, but not very effective.

A Hideous Zippleback sees them and Human's hands grab his sides desperately.

"Toothless, you gotta get us outta here, bud," he pleads.

If only he could.

He makes his way down and into the volcano along with his kind and quickly searches the unfortunately-familiar surroundings for a place to hide.

"What my dad wouldn't give to find this," Human mutters.

Great, he has a family too.

All this time, Night Fury thought Human was an outcast just like him. No friends, no family, unwanted by his species. The boy certainly looked the part.

Fortunately or unfortunately, it sounds like the dragon is alone in this.

He quickly snaps his head to the present. Finally finding somewhere to crouch down, he does so as the others drop their offerings.

"It's satisfying to know that all of our food's being dumped down a hole," Human comments in a low voice.

Honestly, Night Fury sighs inwardly, the boy's sass just never seems to end. And his humor tends to be distractive in the worst of times.

Then, with a shudder, the dragon hears the humming â€" the only sound that can be heard just before the massive head of their leader emerges to swallow a Gronckle without chewing.

To swallow a Gronckle without chewing!

Even though Night Fury has seen it happen before, it amazes him every time it happens again. The head comes up again, and starts sniffing dangerously close to their hiding place.

"Alright bud, you gotta get us outta here," Human's voice makes its way to his mind, foggy due to fear of the great Green Death.

"Now!"

Night Fury snaps out of his dormancy induced state at the boy's exclamation and manages to fly out of the mouth's reach just in time.

Adrenaline rushing through his veins, the dragon barely acknowledges Astrid's blabbering on their journey back to the cove. When they land, all he can register is something about the Green Death being like the queen of bees.

Yeah. One hungry, terrifying, dragon-eating, mountain-sized bee.

Then she starts on how they should tell all about it to Human's dad (Night Fury doesn't know the man, but if he's anything like Human, physical strength really isn't an option)â€| Astrid is just full of great ideas.

"No," Human slides from the saddle to catch up with her. "No, they'll kill Toothless." All this talk about 'killing Toothless' is really starting to get to the dragon. Note to self: never near the island of Berk alone.

"Astrid, we have to think this through. Carefully." Thank the gods for a bit of reasoning!

"Hiccup, we've just discovered the dragons' nest."

Whoah. Stop.

Something in Night Fury's mind clicks. He heard Astrid say Hiccup three times, and the meaning of it cannot be anything other than Human's actual name.

He has a name! Well, of course he has a name, but the dragon just kind of expected it to beâ€| Human.

Human's name is Hiccup.

Whooooah.

"â€" to protect your pet dragon, are you serious?" Astrid finishes her rant hotly, unaware of Night Fury's thoughts. Pfft. Pet dragon! If anything, Hum â€" Hiccup is his pet, not the other way around.

"Yes." Hum â€" Hiccup â€" answers seriously, making the dragon feel sort ofâ€| proud of him from his place by the lake. Flying for your life really gets one's throat dry.

"Okay," she gives in. "So what do we do?"

"Justâ€| give me until tomorrow. I'll figure something out."

"Okay," Astrid answers, but unexpectedly punches him in the arm. "That's for kidnapping me," she clarifies.

Shame on you, Viking wannabe. Getting caught off guard this easily.

Hum â€" Hiccup! Thor, does he have to correct the name? â€" glances over his shoulder at his friend with an exasperated look. The girl then does the unthinkable â€" reaches over and grabs Hiccup's vest to kiss him on the cheek.

"That's forâ€| everything else," Astrid says before running off.

Eww. Night Fury seriously hopes this isn't how humans mate. It's not cool, in any species, to have a witness to the act. Although it was kind of fast, so maybe it wasn't the act itself, the dragon muses while looking at Hiccup. (Waitâ€| Oh yes, he got the name

right!)

The boy realizes Night Fury's presence and flushes. "W-What are _you_ looking at?"

It's just interesting, he defends himself in his head. He really never even thought of Human having aâ€¦ well, a _human_-given name, like Toothless.

The teenager waits until she is completely out of sight (and earshot) to allow a stupid grin to spread through his freckled face.

"She's amazing, isn't she," the human sighs.

Night Fury actually rolls his eyes at his remark. According to Astrid, the _dragon _is the amazing one, but nevermindâ€¦

Go home, _Hiccup_.

5. The Kill Ring

****Chapter 5 â€" The Kill Ring****

****â€¦****

****Tracks: The Kill Ring/Ready The Ships****

****...**

>Night Fury is sleeping.

Unfortunately, he is also having a nightmare.

You may wonder if it's even possible for dragons to dream. Well, he isn't lying, and he's certainly not making it up, so Night Fury is telling the truth.

In his nightmare, Hiccup is falling. Falling endlessly, into a black abyss. And the dragon can't reach him, as much as he tries. The feeling of powerlessness invades him suddenly, and he realizes just how fond of the boy he really is.

He is awakened by Hiccup's scream.

Everything about his nightmare forgotten, the dragon tries to reach the top of the walls of the blasted cove. Scratching desperately, his only thoughts revolve around his human's safety.

He falls, and suddenly remembers how he tried _everything_ to get out when his own _life_ depended on it.

No.

He will not fail Hiccup. He can't.

With renewed determination, his claws manage to make a support point so he can hoist himself up. His ability to do so surprises him â€" in more than one way, saving Hiccup became more important than his own life.

Eerie.

Toothless never imagined he'd be able to get out on his own, least of all because of â€œ

Wait a minute.

Toothless?

Racing through the trees of Raven Point, the dragon huffs. It's impossible to escape it now; he is Toothless. If he is to be honest with himself, he's been becoming Toothless ever since Hiccup gave him fish.

Strangely, the thought urges him to go faster, instead of spooking him. A month ago, coming to a human's aid seemed a ridiculous idea. Honestly, he's not even sure the boy is worth all this trouble.

Ha ha. Yeah right. He wouldn't come running like a worried mother upon hearing her baby's cries if he wasn't.

Toothless, oddly enough, found his first friend in a human child. He's also pretty sure Hiccup found his first friend in a dragon.

Arriving on the center of the surprisingly empty island, he glances around and catches the scent of a Monstrous Nightmare.

Just great. Hiccup couldn't get into trouble with a Terrible Terror, no siree. It had to be a dragon over three times a Night Fury's size.

This friendship will be the death of Toothless, he can just feel it.

Okay. First things first. Arena: located. Hiccup: still in danger.

Time to put on a show.

Screeching loudly enough to make the crowd cringe, the black dragon manages to fly high enough to blast at the chains that are keeping him from entering. His vision is slightly damaged by the smoke he created, but that doesn't stop him from finding the gods-forsaken creature that dared to mess with Hiccup.

Climbing onto the Nightmare's back, Toothless sets the human free, and can only hope that he is safe and sound by now.

The bigger dragon puts up a decent fight, but also seems to sense Toothless is keen on protecting the boy. So moments later he backs away fearfully. As castaway as the Night Fury may be, he is still equally as feared by the other species. In fact, the red dragon stepping back is a pretty predictable outcome, in his opinion.

What he doesn't anticipate is how every Viking in the island (and those are real-life Vikings, mind you â€œ not at all like Hiccup in any way) seems to jump into the ring, intent on â€œ

What are they intent on?

When in doubt, threaten. This is Toothless' motto, and it worked pretty well to this day. So he growls, still crouching protectively in front of Hiccup. One of the warriors is especially big, and the dragon successfully tackles the man, about to blast at him (to make an example for the others), when Hiccup's voice yells at him not to do it.

Repeatedly.

So he hesitates. That's his first mistake. He swallows down his fire, it making his throat itch a little, and glances back at the eyes of his only friend.

That's his second mistake. He lets his guard down for enough time to be captured by the burly men. And he can strike back at them, he _can_ set himself free, but he doesn't out ofâ€

What? Respect for Hiccup's decision? Faith that it is the right one? By the time he starts questioning his motives, there is no chance to escape. They have him under strong arms and severe surveillance.

He heard Hiccup shouting for him not to be hurt (a request that is surprisingly attended by the apparent Viking leader), but as soon as the doors close and leave him in total darkness, the memory does little to soothe him.

Apparently, his greatest mistake was trusting in a human.

â€

Sunlight.

It blinds the dragon a little when the doors to his prison are burst open. He's not sure of how long it's been â€" it could've been a couple of hours, or an entire day, really â€" since he was left to his thoughts.

He puts up a bigger fight now, his anger fueling him. But the men are many and the dragon is once more overpowered.

He is angry, but not because he was captured for the first time in his life, or because he doesn't know what the Vikings will do to him.

No. He is angry because, as much as he tried while locked, he can't _hate_ Hiccup. The Night Fury had no one for the longest time, and opening up to the scrawny boy still was his best decision, cheesy as it sounds.

Honestly though, does he _enjoy_ suffering? Because if he does, he sure is on the right track. Considering a human his friend? Playtime is over. Things just got _dangerous_. He should be thinking about an escape route, not about Hiccup.

Stubbornly though, he calls himself _Toothless_ in his mind.

And _Toothless_, whether he wants it or not, is still Hiccup's best friend.

With that exasperating thought, the dragon is tied to a wooden surface that is suddenly suspended. As soon as he sees he's about to be put in a ship, he starts struggling. He only becomes more nervous once the man he was about to attack earlier shouts, "We head for Helheim's Gate."

No. No, no, no, no, _no_.

His worst fear is becoming true.

He will pay the Green Death a visit.

"Lead us home," says the same red-haired man. "_Devil_."

Pfft, is that it? That's all he's got? Toothless here will probably be killed, along with every man on these ships, by their 'bee queen', as Astrid so wonderfully put it. The least he can get is a decent insult.

Awh great. His Hiccup is showing.

...

****A/N:** hey, sorry for the wait! Truth is, updates will come a little slower since school's back, but I'll try my best to finish this ASAP, since it has only two chapters and an epilogue to go! The epilogue is based on the short Gift of The Night Fury, so if you haven't seen it, I suggest you do! It's about 20-minutes long, and it's available on YouTube (:**

****And** I didn't want to end this chapter on a tense note, because I'll probably take like a week to update again, so! Yeah. I tried to make it lighter! ?**

****Thanks** for all the follows and favorites, and a shout-out to LesserWraith for taking a look at the chapter before giving the 'ok' sign!**

6. Battling the Green Death

****Chapter 6: Battling the Green Death****

****...****

****Tracks:** Battling the Green Death/Counter Attack**

...

Toothless isn't sure what scares him the most. The notion of arriving at the island and meeting that _thing_, or getting there to meet nothing. He can't know for sure whether the Dragon Leader has the power to anticipate an attack of this proportion.

Maybe he has.

Listening in for more sounds of his kin, he turns his head to the left. The black dragon can't help but feel like some sort of traitor; even if his life is on the line, even if the other dragons find him

strange for being the only Night Fury - he still is taking armed Vikings to his nest. He sort of fears for the same ones who were unkind towards him.

Being with Hiccup really turned him soft.

Speaking of the boy, Toothless really started questioning his decision a couple of minutes ago. Is Hiccup worthy of his forgiveness? He did just stare at him while he was arrested.

Ah, who is he kidding? There was nothing the boy could do, that much the dragon can tell. But the burly man who is giving orders is definitely the leader of this tribe. That's something that's been bothering Toothless for a while - why would Hiccup, who mentioned being nothing short of the town's pariah, be heard by the chief?

Now, the Night Fury is a very intelligent being, so it shouldn't be hard for him to figure it out.

After ten minutes of thinking, he still hasn't.

His best guess is that Hiccup's father (the only member of the human's family that the dragon knows of) has some sort of relationship with the leader, but the only man to approach the chief in a familiar manner is a large blonde one, who looks no more like Hiccup than the redhead.

Actually, come to think of it, maybe 'Stoick' (how the blonde man calls the chief) is Hiccup's relative in some way. They have the same green eyes, after all.

Arriving on the island, all thoughts about his friend's genetic inheritance flee his mind. He shrinks a little in his place, trying to make himself less noticeable. He watches helplessly as the Vikings ready themselves for a battle that cannot be won. Toothless can't help but feel a pang of sadness at the realization that Hiccup's father may be on one of those ships, along with other children's parents.

And he can't get away from his prison, even with no Viking around, to try and scare them back into the ships.

Slowly, he stops struggling, and lets his head point down. And he keeps it there until he hears what he swears to be the roar to end all roars. Now desperate, Toothless shakes the chains that hold him hostage, once more to no avail. He can't do much, not with his head stuck the way it is. He might break his neck with all the twisting, even.

Stoick sees his fear. And yet, he moves forward. The Green Death isn't expecting them - that much is clear - but the Night Fury watches helplessly as every other dragon in the nest flies away. He realizes that even if he was free, he wouldn't be able to fly along with them.

He needs Hiccup.

The Dragon Leader (the memory of Astrid's name to it is painfully inappropriate) sets fire to the ships so that the Vikings can't

escape the island.

The bastard wants a massacre.

Toothless thinks it's a smart move, to burn the ships - only he remembers suddenly that he is on one of them!

He tunes out whatever else is happening at the shore to try once more to set himself free. The chains that hold his body together are really starting to give in, but his main problem is still his neck. It is involved with strong wood and an iron lock - only incredible strength could possibly break it open. Toothless isn't weak, but his paws aren't exactly available to work on it.

He needs - Hiccup!

Said boy rides with Astrid on a blue Deadly Nadder, speeding towards the ship in flames.

Wait, what is he doing? This thing is on fire!

Hiccup jumps into it with surprising grace - for how long had Toothless been overlooking his qualities? - and puts his arms around his neck.

"Go help the others," the boy shouts to Astrid, who responds with a tight nod. Ever the soldier. And Hiccup... How could no one see his leadership before?

"Okay, hold on, hold on," he says with his wide green eyes conveying nothing but worry. The dragon looks back just as fondly. He realizes he trusts his human blindly - not even while he was locked did he have the will to hate him. They're so past that point by now - it is like they have no one else in the world but each other.

The boy tries to break the lock, but his lack of physical strength never becomes more apparent. The teen struggles, wishing there was some way to put his brain to use to turn this around. Toothless feels guilty for wishing, just for a moment, that Hiccup is more like 'the others.'

And then things start to really go wrong.

The Green Death's gigantic paw smashes the deck, and down comes the mast. It destroys part of what remains from the deck, and Toothless is sucked down into the water as a consequence.

Great. Arrested by Vikings because of his loyalty to a human boy, then drowned. That is not the way the dragon hoped to die. He's not sure what's worse; this death, or falling from the skies with no control of his tail, like he would have if Hiccup's instincts hadn't kicked in.

Okay, focus on not breathing in the water. If he does, he'll drown. But only a miracle to get him out of there before he does...

Startled, the Night Fury notices Hiccup diving deeper into the water, in his direction. The boy is seriously risking his own life in order to try and set Toothless free, even when both of them know the odds

are not in their favor.

Once more, the boy risks his life to save the dragon's.

Hiccup is almost losing conscience from the lack of air - his eyelids are fluttering close and the dragon is starting to freak out - when a hand whose owner Toothless can't recognize grabs the boy and brings him up.

No!

Really, not even the Night Fury knows why the thought echoed on his mind - he _wants_ Hiccup to be saved, doesn't he?

Well... he does. Only that dying alongside his best friend seemed an honorable enough death. One he could live with.

Ha... 'Live with'...

Toothless feels his heart rate slowing, and closes his eyes to wait for the end. Shouldn't take long now.

Feeling movements on the water, his eyes snap open to meet... Stoick? Is that the one who just saved Hiccup? They must be related in some degree, that would explain a lot...

The Viking leader stares at him for a second, and the look on his face seems to say, "Do not make me regret this."

And then (with his bare hands!) Stoick breaks the wood around the dragon's neck.

Okay.

Toothless finally breaks free and drags the chief to the surface with him.

>Nice. He encounters Hiccup safe and sound.<p>

The dragon takes a deep breath in order to get oxygen back in his system. Shaking off the droplets of water, he warbles with a jerk of his head in the monster's direction. Hopefully he's being clear enough.

"You got it, bud," Hiccup nods with a serious look. Toothless is a little irked by it; the boy is too young to bear such a forlorn expression, in his opinion.

>"Hiccup," Stoick calls, as the young man climbs the dragon.<p>

"I'm sorry..." the Chief looks at the boy apologetically for a moment. "For... F-for everything."

"Yeah, me too," Hiccup answers with an embarrassed shrug.

"You don't have to go up there," the vast man points out.

The boy smiles slightly, as if sharing an inside joke with the man. "We're Vikings," he says. "It's an occupational hazard."

"I'm proud," replies the man seriously, "to call you my son."

Whoa! What does he mean, _son_? _Stoick_? Hiccup's _father_? What has the world come to?

Toothless doesn't know anything anymore.

"Thanks, dad."

Apparently that is exactly what he needs to say in order to get Stoick to let them go. He does so and with an impressive grace (alright, _perhaps_ he's showing off a bit), Toothless is off.

"He's up!" Astrid calls to the others with a smile. Hmm. Questionable behavior. If the dragon has the time to do so later, he'll study the blonde specimen. The girl's attitude towards Hiccup is _interesting_, to say the least.

Happy thoughts vanish, and the Night Fury narrows his pupils into slits. It is time for battle.

â€|

If Toothless thought that being drowned was a bad way to die, he had another thought coming. As his tailfin catches fire, he feels Hiccup's panic.

>"Hang with me bud, we're okay - just a little bit longer..."<p>

He nods unwillingly. The dragon is scared, but the boy is nothing short of terrified - the Night Fury can feel it through his body language. Hiccup's thighs grab his sides desperately and Toothless feels the need to swallow down his own apprehension in order to soothe the human.

Surprisingly though, Hiccup's determination is stronger. _Well_, the animal muses. If they are going down, might as well save every dragon and person on the island.

Might as well do so together.

They dive, and the Green Death is right behind them. "Hold, Toothless," Hiccup asks. It's difficult to; his tail is already gone and the dragon can hardly manage the free fall.

"Now!" The teen shouts. The black dragon understands immediately, due to some _miracle_. He turns around and blasts a single but powerful shot of his blue fire into the monster's mouth. It works wonders, surprisingly, but he and his rider have bigger problems; such as getting the heck out of there.

>The fire consumes the Green Death, but on its way down, the gigantic creature manages to swing its tail at them.<p>

"No... No!" Hiccup screams and presses Toothless' tail device, but there is nothing to be switched anymore. The Night Fury braces for impact, trying desperately to turn right to avoid the crash.

It doesn't work.

In fact, the only thing Toothless accomplishes is making the enemy hit his left side instead of his front.

The black dragon's sharp ears make out a sound he hopes to never hear

again. The sickening crush of bones and tearing of flesh, result of the impact, makes Hiccup pass out from the pain just before he is thrown out of his saddle.

Toothless remembers his nightmare as soon as he dives after the human, and into the fire.

****â€|****

****Author's Note:** so the bad news is that I thought I uploaded this days ago, but the website disagreed with me :p But, the good news is that it's up now (hitting on 2000 words so yay!), and the last chapter is almost finished, so it should be up in a short time (well, shorter than the break between this and the chapter before). I don't want to leave this story quite yet, so I'm brainstorming for the Epilogue, but that will take a bit longer. But the story can stand on its own without it, I guarantee. Thank you all for the reviews, follows and favorites â€" you guys are amazing! Thanks for reading, and a shout out to LesserWraith, for bearing with me :D**

7. Coming Back Around

****Chapter 7: Coming Back Around****

****Tracks:** Where's Hiccup?/Coming Back Around
>...
>Hiccup isn't waking up.<p>

It's been three days.

Toothless is worried.

The dragon had a hard time letting go of the boy once the smoke cleared and the Green Death was definitely dead. Once Stoick (Hiccup's _dad_, you know) approached, the Night Fury enlaced the boy a little harder in his limbs. The boy's faint beating of heart felt oddly comforting.
>"SON!"<p>

Kneeling fearlessly next to the black dragon, the tribe leader whispered, "Hiccup." Stoick sighed, "I did this."

A part of Toothless wants to agree with him wholeheartedly, but the stronger, _Hiccup_ part of him, wanted to pat the man in the back, to tell him that it wasn't his fault. Though that'd be awkward since he has paws.

"I'm soâ€| I'm so sorry," he said in a low, almost ashamed voice.

Good, Toothless thought weakly. Just like Astrid, Stoick apologized. Now, and only now, would he give the man what he wanted - just like he had done with the girl and the flight.

He slowly opened his wings to reveal the boy. The dragon almost felt bad for holding out on the father, for his relief was obvious at hearing the very same heartbeats that soothed Toothless.

"He's alive!" He announced. "You brought him back alive," Stoick said

with wide green eyes, much like his son's.

Of course he brought him back alive. He's too fond of the little human for his own good, anyway.

With a faint nod, the dragon laid his head, exhausted.

Now, he is pacing around Hiccup's room, a chamber he has become used to in the last couple of days.

In truth, it's kind of boring to wait for your friend to wake up. He's alive, you know. Do humans usually sleep this much? Because Hiccup used to visit him every day, so he couldn't sleep for more than a single night!

His conclusion is, this much resting isn't natural, and even Hiccup's father vocalized his concern. Yesterday was the first time Stoick spoke to Toothless directly and in private. It was only sentence, but it was enough.

"I worry about him."

The dragon analyzed the phrase. It wasn't simply a state of mind, otherwise he would've said "I am worried about him."

Instead his words showed his concern was genuine and perpetual, and immediately Toothless decided to forgive everything. Forgive the Vikings of Berk, forgive Stoick, forgive everyone. What mattered, what truly mattered, was only the here and now. No use dwelling on past mistakes and offenses. And Stoick, from what he gathers (bits and pieces he picked up from dialogues on the previous days between Gobber, the blonde man, and Hiccup's father), committed quite a few mistakes with his son. But he always meant well â€" at least the dragon likes to think so â€" so he and the chief entered some sort of agreement. They'd at least try to get along, for Hiccup's sake - because it was pretty clear, from the moment he woke up, that there was no separating Toothless from the boy.

The dragon conveyed all of it through a nod of his head.

Stoick nodded back, and that was it.

Toothless nudges the freckled face with his snout to make Hiccup wake up faster.

It doesn't work.

The dragon looks through the room's window with a sigh. He really wishes his human would wake up, look around, say something sarcastic, and get up to walk around on his skinny -

Legs.

Except there aren't two now, are there?

The injury caused by the Dragon Leader's tail scared Toothless when he woke up, already on Berk. He started roaring and growled at each human who approached Hiccup, and in his irrational moment of overprotectiveness he didn't even hear Gobber saying that, if left untreated for much longer, his leg could get infected.

Oddly enough, the one who knocked some sense into him was Astrid.

The girl approached him with hands raised in sign of surrender, but her body language screamed awkward. It caught the Night Fury's attention for long enough to stop growling for a few moments. When he glanced at her blue eyes, usually so fearless, he understood why she was feeling strange.

She was nearly crying.

"Look," she whispered to the dragon, getting nearer to him than all the other villagers around them. "I know you can understand me. Hiccup talks to you. He's not crazy, so that means you understand us." She breathed deeply. "We need to get to Hiccup." Her voice was surprisingly firm for someone with eyes that moist. "He's hurt. Bad. And he needs our - well, her assistance," she glanced at an old woman who was standing beside Gobber and a fuming Stoick thirty feet away.

"He might... d-die if he doesn't get that leg looked at," her voice broke. "You don't want that any more than I do."

The dragon's eyes widened, and he finally understood how serious this was.

"Please, Toothless," she addresses him by his Hiccup-given name for the very first time.

And that did it.

Hiccup was taken away and now his left foot is somehow gone. The Night Fury is certainly glad he wasn't in the room when that happened - he's not sure he would've been able to handle it.

The boy is a cripple just like him now. What an odd pair they make.

But Toothless would sooner have a disabled friend than a dead one. He just feels sorry. Hiccup doesn't deserve to be punished in any way, not when he and his dragon just paid the whole island an enormous favor.

The Night Fury falls asleep. He is used to sleeping during the night now. Has it really been an entire afternoon? Well. He does tend to get lost in thought. The last few days were a lot to take in.

...

Astrid comes on the next day.

The fourth day, this is.

It's the first time he sees the girl since they came back. She looks way better than last time, at least. He remembers her wiping a single tear when Gobber took Hiccup into Stoick's house.

He assumed, taking in the context, that tears were something the

humans used to express sadness. Dragons don't do that. They cry only once they gave birth, and even that was rare; most of them laid eggs. A mother's tears are licked by her babies when they are born, and it serves as nutrition until they are old enough to get their own food (which normally doesn't take more than a week).

Yeah, it is kinda gross if you ask Toothless. He doesn't even know how he knows that... So. Back to Astrid.

The girl greets him when she enters the room with a small smile and a "Hey, Toothless."

The dragon practically purrs. That's much better behavior than their first meeting.

She's carrying some sort of metal thing, and the Night Fury looks at it curiously.

"Oh, this?" She asks following his gaze to the object. "It's, uh... Gobber made it. For Hiccup."

At the dragon's tilted head, the girl explains further. "It's meant to help him walk. It's called a prosthetic. Like a metal peg leg, you know? Wood wouldn't work. He's at the forge all the time, it would catch fire easily â€" rots too often, too."

Astrid approaches him slowly â€" familiar, but not intimate. She sets the prosthetic down on the bed and kneels near Toothless. Her hand touches his metal tail fin.

"This," she looks into his eyes, "is like a peg leg."

Ohh.

He gets it now.

"So, about the other day," she began hesitantly, her eyes and hand dropping to the ground. Oh no. Are they really doing this now?

"It'll be our little secret, okay?" Astrid pleads, looking up at him again. "I know you'll find a way to tell Hiccup I was crying over him if you really want to, annoyingly enough," she half-smiles. The dragon is pleased. She knows of his massive intellect, then.

Her eyes widen suddenly. "Not that I was crying over him! Gods, that's not what I meant, at all..." The girl trails off as Toothless looks pointedly at her.

"It wasn't even proper crying," she argues with a childish pout. Really, what's it to her? Can't she have feelings? Isn't she allowed to cry if she feels sad?

Studying this specimen was proving to be harder than he originally thought.

"Great, and now I'm talking to a dragon. I must be going crazy, or Hiccup's brushing off on me," she mumbles.

A low grumble and an indignant look from Toothless make her laugh.

"Sorry! I just... I'm not used to it, you not being able to answer and everything."

If only she took a trip into his mind. She'd be surprised.

"So," she gets up from her kneeling position and makes her way to the bed. "You don't mind if I put this on him, do you?"

>Why would he stop her, exactly? If it is meant to help

Hiccup...<p>

He's not _that_ unfriendly and overprotective of the boy, you know.

After successfully strapping the attachment on the sleeping form, she takes a step back. Toothless approaches the bed to examine her work too.

"It's not that bad," she shrugs. "It may need some friction on the foot part though. Otherwise he'll just slip all over the place."

The dragon eyes her. She smirks. "You're right, it's Hiccup we're talking about. He'll probably slip anyway..."

Astrid trails off while looking at the sleeping boy. Toothless feels a change in the atmosphere as the room grows quieter, but maybe that's just his impression. Her smirk fades altogether and she acquires a pensive expression.

What can she be thinking about?

The blonde snaps out of it moments later, and her eyes are wide - but the emotion in them is a mystery to the dragon. She glances at him as if in fear of him finding out her train of thought.

Please. He's smart, not psychic.

At Toothless' clueless stare she relaxes visibly.

"I..." She breaks the silence abruptly and clears her throat. "I have to go. I'll tell Gobber to, um... To make some more pins on the foot to keep him from falling all over Berk."

Leaning down, she brushes Hiccup's hair away from his forehead and leaves a kiss there. Seeing the dragon's wide surprised eyes, she rolls hers. "Shut up," she says approaching the dragon again.

"Bye, Toothless," she pats him in the snout. The dragon doesn't even have time to react - she's already out the door.

Astrid doesn't ask him to keep the kiss a secret, but he decides to.

...

The next day, Hiccup wakes up.

Toothless can't very well blast inside the house (something he has a feeling he'll have to get used to), so he starts jumping up and down.

>"Does my dad know you're here?" the boy asks worried.<p>

Oh dear, _dear_, Hiccup. In what universe would Stoick be able to stop Toothless from being next to his best friend?

The Night Fury is so excited he manages to reach the beam he's been trying to hang on for five days.

"Toothless!" Hiccup sounds stern, as if the dragon is not supposed to be playing around. When he finally glances at the boy, both their content expressions fade.

Hiccup pulls the covers away, and the boy's breath catches in his throat softly. Toothless gets down from the beam and approaches the bed. He knows the feeling. The feeling of uselessness you get when you find out you're disabled. _He_ was practically doomed. Unable to hunt, unable to fly. He would have certainly met his death if it wasn't for this skinny excuse of a Viking.

The dragon just hopes Hiccup isn't as depressed as he was when he found out.

But Toothless reckons the boy is stronger than him in many ways, and he is proved right when Hiccup gets up from his bed. It hurts â€" the metal is probably bothering his rosy skin, with half his weight being pressed onto it â€" but the human puts on a brave face and takes a step forward.

The Night Fury has never felt more proud of anyone than right now. Even though the boy slips â€" Gobber didn't have the time since yesterday to fix the little problem Astrid pointed out â€" the dragon catches him, and they know they can do this, as long as they're together.

...

Opening his front door, Hiccup encounters a - _dragon_?

"Whoah!" He closes the door behind him with a startle. "Toothless, stay here."

With wide eyes the boy makes his way out, intent on helping the village however he can.

Even if all the villagers scowl at him.

Even if there's a good chance of him making things worse.

Even having just lost half a leg in the process of protecting those people.

Hiccup _still_ wishes to go out there and help in his own way â€" with his crazy 'inventions', whatever _that_ means â€" and it amazes Toothless.

The dragon steps aside to watch over the boy through the window. He's taking in his surroundings slowly, probably arriving at the conclusion that Vikings and dragons now share an alliance. The Night Fury pushes the window open â€" no, that's not spying! It'sâ€" making sure Hiccup's okay. Yes, that's it. Toothless? Pfft. He's not nosy at all.

"I knew it," the freckled boy shrugged. "I'm dead!"

The human's idea of Valhalla was an island full of people smiling at him " as if happy to see him up and about " and dragons living peacefully with his own kin. This realization made Toothless' appreciation for the boy increase.

Stoick's booming laugh made the dragon flinch in surprise. Well, at least it was a chuckle, not a growl. To see the chief mad would truly make the Night Fury shake. He's not even a mature dragon by their standards " so the fully-grown man sort of terrified him.

Hey, don't give him that look. The vast man is scary!

"No," Stoick assures. "But you sure gave it your best shot. So, what do you think?"

The boy opens his mouth, but nothing comes out.

"Look, it's Hiccup!" Someone shouts, and people start gathering around the confused teen.

"Turns out all we needed was a little more of this," Stoick says, a proud glint in his green eyes.

"But you just gestured to all of me," Hiccup's eyes widen. Toothless wants to do something. He doesn't know what sort of warm feeling this is " but he wants to pin the human down and roar at him affectionately, or lick his face with his scratchy tongue " whatever sounds less weird. He wants to express his fondness; but all of that can wait.

Let the boy have his well-deserved hero moment.

"Well," Gobber says as he approaches. "Most of you. That bit's my handiwork. With a little," he gestures broadly, "Hiccup-flair added to it. You think it'll do?"

The boy smiles. "I might make a few twigs."

And the relief on Hiccup's face at the sound of laughter " people are laughing with him, and not at him, for what Toothless assumes is the first time " makes the dragon want to push open the door and run towards him.

A punch on the teenager's arm stops him from doing so, though.

"That's for scaring me," Astrid clarifies.

Hiccup rubs the sore spot with a pout. "Wh-what, is it always gonna be this way? Cause "

The girl interrupts him by pressing her lips to his. Well, there's one way of shutting the boy up that Toothless never thought of. Next time he starts blabbering, he'll just fly them over to Astrid so she can kiss him.

(Note to self: drop the investigations on the female specimen for

lack of coherence of behavior.)

"â€|I could get used to it," Hiccup shrugs, intent on appearing nonchalant.

Hah. Toothless knows better.

Gobber approaches again â€" did he leave at all, orâ€|? â€" with something attractively red.

"Welcome home," he says to the boy, and the dragon knows just how much Hiccup feels at home now on Berk. He knows because he feels exactly the same â€"

Wait is that a new tailfin?

Toothless dashes out the door as villagers scream in warning, "Night Fury!" and "Get down!" although these words now have a completely different meaning.

Hiccup cringes at the fallen Vikings behind his dragon and tries to give him a stern look.

Astrid laughs.

â€|

They couldn't go flying on that same day â€" the healer insisted â€" but they're able to on the day after, first thing in the morning. Hiccup attaches the new (and red!) tailfin, and Toothless _can't wait_ for them to be up in the air. It's been a week since they last flew, but having Hiccup as the rider is definitely worth the wait. The dragon lowers and when the boy clicks his prosthetic into place, they're off.

The Night Fury soars happily, and he just _knows_ Hiccup is smiling. The other dragons join him in the sky, and being accepted by them makes Toothless just as happy as flying again. He can't think of a better way to end things.

No, he counters. This isn't an ending, but a start.

End
file.